## THE OCALEEAN ENSIGN

Prblished Every Other Thursday by the Student Body of the OCALA HIGH SCHOOL

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THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1918

Oh, what a joy; no, an ecstacy! The Senior essays are written.

"The Forum" is a very interesting paper. After reading it, one never wears a long face for it is full of good

Vacation is almost here and great joy is portrayed on every face. Every one has, already, a picture in his mind of what a glorious holiday he is going to spend.

been the only day in which to earn may see you and be associated with thrift stamps, but now no less than you, in the years which are to follow, six per week should be bought by but there never will be the relation of der, the neighboring towns began to every student.

take the final examinations determin- class of the Ocala High. ing whether we pass to a higher grade or take the same one over next

The Florida Flambeau is an unusually good college paper. It is always full of school news and is very instructive. We not only find pleasure in reading it but we always find and learn something new that is for our benefit.

"The Red and Black" is a splendid school magazine. The literary department is excellent. The most attractive feature was a page dedicated to those in the service from their school. It is illustrated at the top by a service flag on one side of which is a soldier, or. the other a sailor.

Let us hope that when vacation time comes, every student will spend, at least a part of each day, in doing some patriotic work. It is true, we will not have teachers to constantly remind us of doing our duty for the government, but if we will only try we can keep it fresh in our minds that we ought to do something.

The "Ensign" has completed the first year of its existence. The staff was very inexperienced and what we have accomplished has been done under great difficulties. Mistakes have been made-who is exempt from them? Now we give up our positions on the staff and hand them over to the new members. May they begin next year, building higher on the foundation which we have laid-profit by not making the same mistakes that we have made.

## MUSIC

What could be a more appropriate ending to a successful musical term than a moonlight picnic for the Glee Club at Silver Springs? This is what Miss Porter has planned for us, and we are going to spend the time singing the old familiar and much-loved songs, swimming and boating, and all are looking forward to a lovely time.

Lately we have devoted most of our time to learning all the patriotic songs and it is while singing those that we are at our best and that the chapel really rings with spirit and

patriotism. The Glee Club was well represented last Thursday night, in response to an invitation to sing patriotic songs at the lecture given by Dr. Gordon.

Tender Thoughts in Will.

Sometimes there are found such tender touches as these in the will of a late town clerk of Monmouth, who died in 1915, aged seventy-two. He left to the Monmouth General hospital and dispensary, for the children's ward, in memory of his darling child Lizzie, £500 and a framed portrait of the child, and desired the authorities to place on her grave a wreath of flowers each Palm Sunday and a wreath of holly each Christmas day.

Many Rats Destroyed.

A club in Kent, England, destroyed 16,000 rats in three seasons at an insignificant cost. Women's municipal leagues in the United States have reeradication, notably in Baltimore and by reins).

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

It is with conflicting emotion that we Juniors bid you farewell. With happy hearts and smiling faces, we think of what this last week means to you. You are standing on the thresh-Entered as second class matter hold of manhood and womanhood, and Jan. 17, 1918, at the postoffice at the greater things of life are before

> Many of you will probably take a course in some college next year, others will be meeting their first successes in the business world. In either case, let your efforts be directed in some noble path and at some high mark. Long periods of life and influence are often lost, because we do not grasp the opportunities thrust in our paths. Let it not be so with you. The days of our youth are numbered. Your high school days are the days of your youth, and you should remember them and hold them dear to your hearts.

Go forth from the friendly walls of the dear old O. H. S., where you have been guided and counseled, choose your own paths and solve your own problems. Set a high standard for us to follow after we graduate.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," is Emerson's idea of a high ideal. Aim high and try to see the target before you shoot.

The conflicting emotion is the selfish thought of our loss when you are gone. For eleven years you have been our companions in school and out, and we have grown to love you. Now During school days, Saturday has comes the parting of our ways. We comradeship between us again.

The crisis of the school year of walks of life and remember your 1917-18 is almost here. Soon we shall friends and companions in the '19 sent out from the Denver police head-

#### THE LITTLE OLD LADY OF PANSY SQUARE

Bureau and stood just within the door-

a little afraid."

Several of us rose, but Mrs. Crawford reached her first and asked her to come in and sit down.

the old lady as she sat down. "You reward. Can't see for my life why see, my boy-my grandson-has gone Browning hasn't suspected him yet. and"-with Spartan fortitude she re From description, he is the same man, strained the tears that glistened in her and they say that Sarah Browning eyes-"gone with his regiment. Now has caught his eye already." I'm all alone in my little cottage in She did not wait for any more in-

our chairs closer, and she told us her "Black Bill."

The little old lady owned a vine embowered cottage in Pansy Square. There she kept house for her grandson, who worked in a downtown office, When America took up cudgels for democracy the lad, in patriotic fervor, was among the first to enlist.

"Ah, how I loved him and needed him!" whispered the old lady brokenly. "But my dear country needed him more. So I told him to go. 'But what will you do, granny?' he asked. I told him I had enough, and so he went. Brave, brave heart! My huspension. But it is small. After pay- food and a pack." ing the taxes on my cottage there was little left, and now it is gone. I'm old, but I'm willing. All I ask is a chance Through the Home Service worker

of her community the little old lady the writ." of Pansy Square has been provided with simple tasks, such as making preserves and delicious cakes and jellies, a labor of love for her and an unfailing source of revenue.

Some day, please God, her soldier boy will come back to the little old lady of Pansy Square, and he will find her as he left her-happy, comfortable and self reliant.

Lute Out of Existence. The lute has vanished. It was one of the oldest of instruments, and had a beautiful vibrant tone somewhat like that of the harp. But its size and complexity were against it. It had a long tail and many strings, and while its size increased its power and range, it also increased its weight and made it cumbrous. The minstrel of today plays on the mandolin, the guitar or the banjo-and the lute is forgot.

## THE ARABIAN KNIGHT

(Continued from First Page)

you give me about ten yards and I'll race with you to the ranch?"

"It's a go." So they raced to Rocky Ranch, and lawyer in St. Louis." arrived hot and breathless. The mare beat the giant "Arabian Knight" (ow- "How came you down at Rocky Ranch ing to the fact that the Arabian horse acting the westerner?"

The strange rider of Araby got the going home."

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position of horse tender. Mr. Brownning had some misgivings about giving such a humble job to such a refined-looking man. Sarah heard him whisper to her father, "Introduce me to your daughter, Mr. Browning. I'm James Stuart."

When it was found that Mr. Browning had such a fine-looking horse tenget suspicious. The descriptions May you go out into the different brought to town by visitors to Rocky Ranch were very like the description quarters, which were offering a reward for the person of Black Bill.

James' fancy for Sarah grew stronger each day.

One day, when Sarah was in the postoffice at Sanguine station, she heard voices in a low hum proceeding from behind the wall that sep-Timidly she entered the Red Cross arated the postoffice room from a cafateria. She was waiting for the clerk at the window. She wondered Her poor, dimmed old eyes spoke so why he did not come. Then she tho't eloquently: "I'm friendly, ladies, but she heard his voice above the rest of the low mumbling.

"Yes, and I'm looking for the papers today. Hope they come in on the 

Pansy Square. And, oh, ladles, do any formation. She knew she must get of you know the dreary loneliness home quickly, and save Jack from when there is no one who comes home that. She had not even once tho't that Jack could be "Black Bill," but We almost hugged the dear old lady, now-he did correspond a little, she so forlorn, yet so brave. We drew up admitted, to the descriptions of

> Sarah did not stop to unlatch the gate. "White Bay" sprang lightly over the low gate and ran under the shed with her mistress. She alighted quickly, and calling repeatedly for Jack, ran into the kitchen to bump into Jack himself, who had come to the back to answer her."

> "Jack, have you any money with you?" she asked, stopping short. "Why, yes, Sarah. What for? Want

"Jack, they're coming after you; the posse. Run, Jack, for your life; band was a soldier, and I have his get Araby and run. I'll get you some

> "What do I want to run for, Sarah; what have I done?"

"Now, Jack, no time for questions. to earn my bread till-till he returns." You are 'Black Bill' and they are after you. Just waiting for the train to get

> "Well," answered Jack, in an excited tone. "I'll go. But Sarah-Sarah, have I got to go alone? Won't you help me get away and go with me? Won't you?"

Sarah paused. Then as if she had settled it before, ran from the kitchen, calling after her, "Meet me at the gate in thirty minutes."

Time flew but at the appointed time Sarah was standing beside her mare at the gate with a large bundle strapped over "White Bay's" back. Jack had dressed and met her with his Araby at the gate a minute later. They mounted and rode away in the

At 11 o'clock they entered Platter Junction, ten miles distant from Rocky Ranch. Jack and Sarah walked into the law office and were hastily married. A low whistle reminded them that the train was very near. They hurried and caught the train

bound for St. Louis. "Now," whispered Jack to Sarah, "I'll tell you that you need not be afraid. I'm not 'Black Bill.' We're going home to my home. My father is Henry Gates Stuart, you know, the

"Why, Jack!" exclaimed Sarah.

cently taken up the matter of rat which he called "Araby" was checked "Sport! I tell you, Sarah, sport! eradication notably in Baltimore and by reins).

And I've won my bet and now we're And I've won my bet and now we're

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